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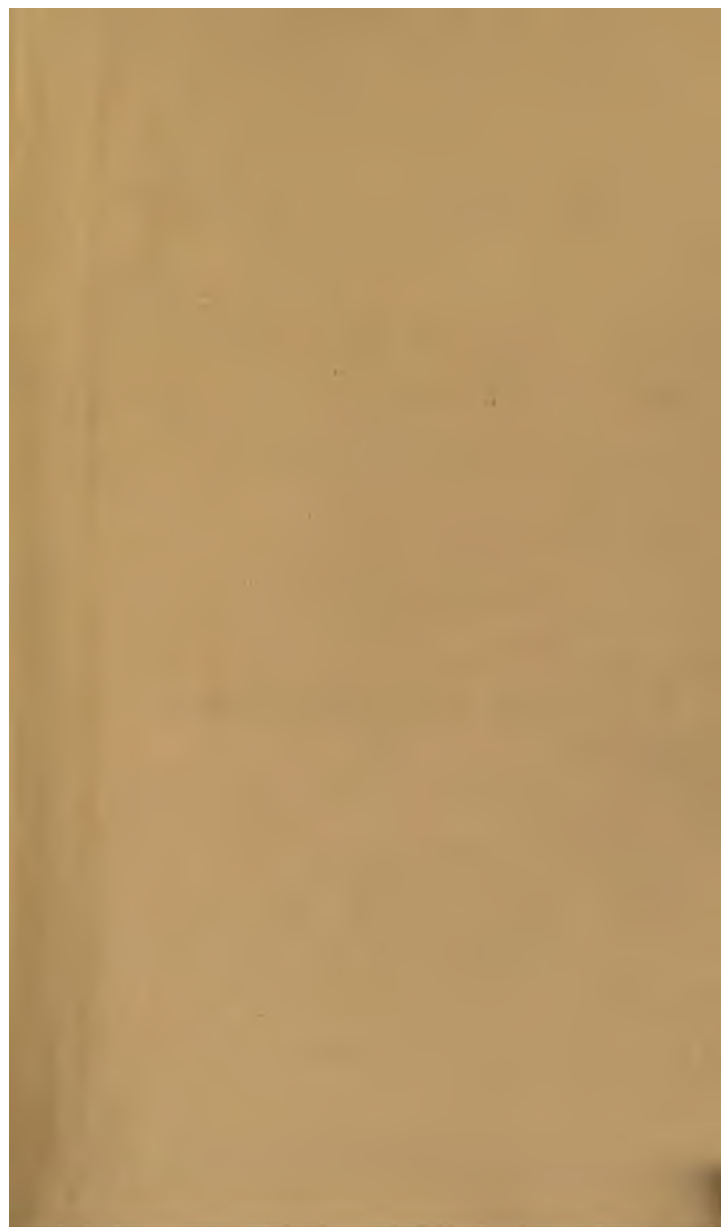


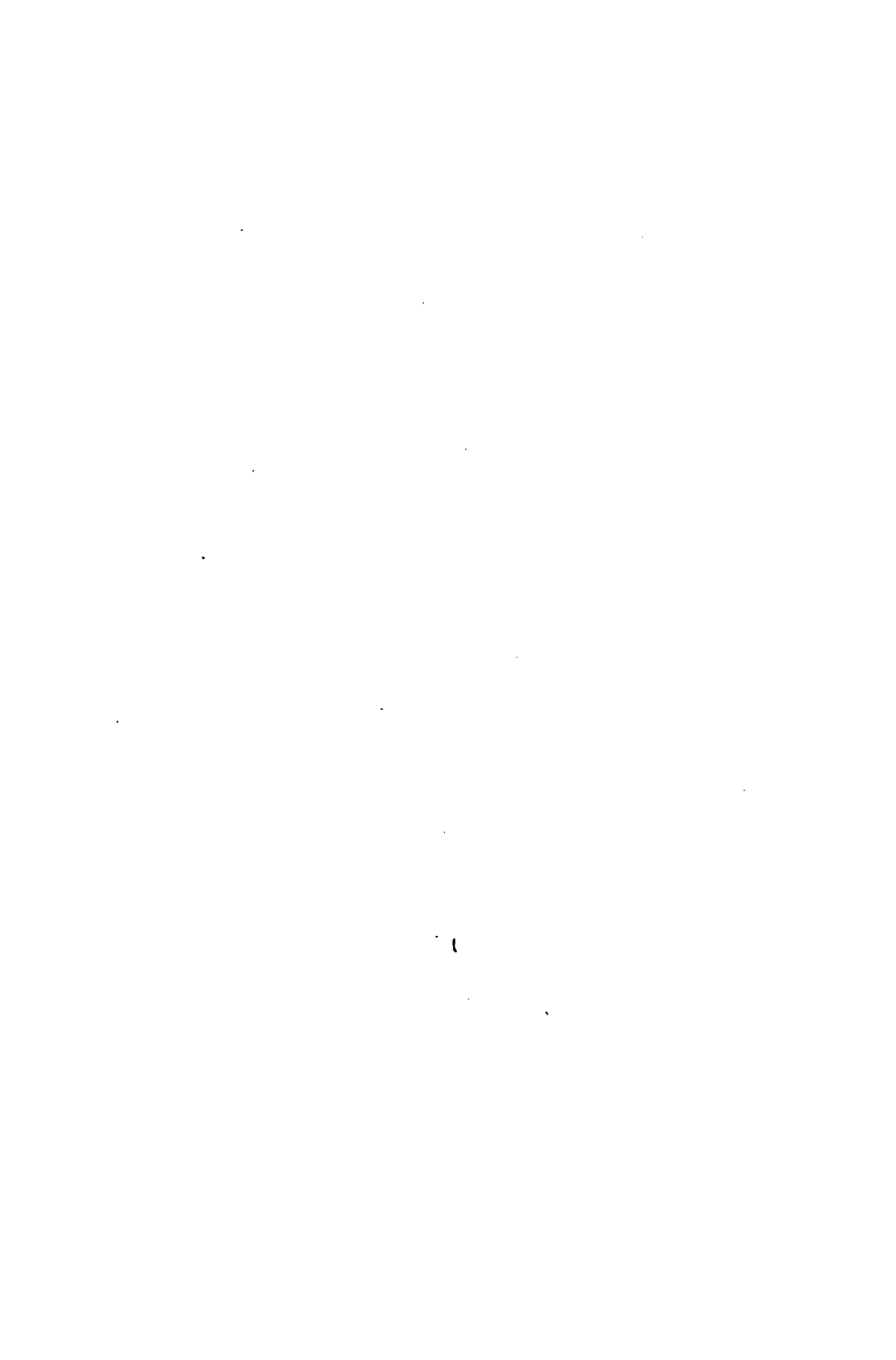


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ENGLAND'S TRUST,

AND

OTHER POËMS.

BY

LORD JOHN MANNERS.



LONDON:

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AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

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465.

LONDON :
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
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TO THE
HON. GEORGE PERCY SYDNEY SMYTHE,
THIS VOLUME,
PARVUM NON PARVÆ PIGNUS AMICITIÆ,
IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND ADMIRINGLY
DEDICATED.

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England's Trust.

**“ In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness
and in confidence shall be your strength.”—ISA. xxx. 15.**



England's Trust.

I.

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—ISA. xxx. 15.

THE sun is slowly sinking, and the day
In changeful tints fades opal-like away ;
The Earth melts into Heaven, and the breeze
Scarce hymns the vespers 'mid the rustling trees,
While all illumined by the flood of light,
Wood, hill, and valley burst upon the sight ;
And many an inland cove and sheltered nook,
Sequestered dingle, and meandering brook,
That 'scaped perchance the eye in mid-day's glare,
Now lie revealed in fairy colours there ;
And stern and black before my raptured eyes,
St. Alban's hallowed walls in light arise.

Ye holy towers ! that, bathed in glory, stand
Like Guardian Angels of this Christian land ;
From your old cloisters went in triumph forth
The voice that preached salvation to the North.
A thousand years since then, in strife and storm,
Have swept unheeded o'er your sacred form,
And now in varied tints the sunbeams fall,
On mouldering arch and desecrated wall ;
Till Faith restores the glories of your prime,
And hails ye victors of decay and time !
Oh ! who in such an hour but loves to soar
On Memory's wing to thoughts and dreams of
yore,
To hold sweet converse with the well-loved dead,
And on the lands in youth he trod, to tread ;
To feel old times return, and once again
Gay health and hope invigorate each vein ?
Sweet dreams, sweet thoughts ! and such are mine
the while
I gaze on yon old consecrated pile.
Ye holy towers ! the angels guard your walls
With blessed ward—those deathless seneschals ;

Beneath your shade, in days of haste and toil,
'Mid struggling factions, and through parties' broil,
When thoughtful men half-scared begin to view
In the fierce throes of changings ever-new,
'Mid hopes and fears in wild confusion hurled,
Signs of the coming evening of the world ;—
I love to snatch a contemplative hour
From vain pursuit of pleasure, fame, or power,
And from the ever-changing clouds of life,
Now bright in sunshine, and now dark in strife ;
Lured by the solemn quiet of this shrine,
Its sacred spells, and influence divine ;
Turn my tired gaze to some time-hallowed page
That sadly tells us of a nobler age,
When men of stalwart hearts and steadfast faith,
Shrunk from dishonour rather than from death ;
When to great minds obedience did not seem
A slave's condition, or a bigot's dream ;
When Mother-Church her richest stores displayed,
And Sister-State on her behalf arrayed
The tempered majesty of sacred law,
And loved to reason, but at times could awe ;

When kings were taught to feel the dreadful weight
Of power derived from One than kings more great,
And learned with reverence to wield the rod
They deemed entrusted to their hand by God.

Blest times ! thrice blest, tho' treason's rebel-horde
Brought to the block a Strafford and a Laud,
Whom pitying Time had spared, tho' long his own,
And stained with gore the violated throne.
Still are those times to me most justly dear,
Tho' gentle Pity drops th' admiring tear ;
Still do I love to learn from those who died
Rebellion's victims and their country's pride,
How to despise bold Reason's ceaseless din,
And reign omnipotent myself within.
Fast on the rock that has for ages stood
The tempest's howling, and the ocean's flood,
My faith in my dear Mother-Church I fix,
And scorn Religion's modern politics.
What, tho' no more her awful lightnings shine
To guide the wanderer to her sacred shrine ;
Tho' statesmen deem they may with safety spoil
Those courts that prove their fathers' holier toil ;

While, sacrilege their path to future fame,
They glory in the deeds that stamp their shame,
Deep in that Church what treasures buried lie
Unseen, unlooked for, by the careless eye !
How gleam in each old half-forgotten rite
The magic rays of Apostolic light !
Oh ! would her priests but dare to raise on high
Her glorious banner to the storm-rent sky,
Be bold to plead their Mother's holy cause,
Nor shrink from one least tittle of her laws,
Then might our England justly hope to be
What she was once—the faithful and the free :
Then might she, with her meteor-flag unfurled,
Despise the threatenings of a banded world !

What ! must we now confess that all in vain
Have years of toil, reproach, unrest, and pain,
Witnessed our ceaseless struggles to restore
Back to the Church her purity of yore ?
Must we confess that Peace and Oneness fled,
And Strife and Schism triumphed in their stead ;
When the lascivious tyrant for a whim
Bade Faith resume her long discarded trim,

And in a moment's fit of heady rage
Burst the strong fetters of a fretful age ?
In truth, to see the countless sects that rend
Our once united isle from end to end,
To hear their jarring and discordant sounds,
To mark the blasphemy that scorns all bounds,
The hollow charity that fain would see
'Twixt truth and falsehood no diversity,
Well might stout hearts admit a craven fear,
And read in wrath God's judgment graven here.
And if e'en now one ray of hope appears,
Like maiden's smile all brightening through her tears,
'Tis that our sons may from experience know
What bitter streams from modern fountains flow ;
And turn their steps, e'er 'tis too late to turn,
To ancient Faith's yet unforgotten urn.

England's Trust.

II.

[THE CARLIST.—AN EPISODE.]

WITH these sad notes the burthen of my song,
Wearied of seeing right succumb to wrong,
I gladly left old England's shores to see
A loyal people struggling to be free,
And turned to where pale chivalry possessed
Her latest stronghold in the recreant West.
Not then had treason worked its baleful end ;
Each man we met was brother, comrade, friend ;
Each chief received with open heart and hand
The brother-pilgrims from Britannia's strand,
While Biscay's heights, and plains of rich Navarre,
Echoed with all the trumpet-tones of war.
Yes ! I have roamed among those mountains wild,
And listened to the song of freedom's child,

Have marked the smile still struggling through the
tears,

That spoke of hope deferred for wearying years.

Have heard the matron's whispered prayer for
peace,

From six long years of war the glad release ;

Then watched the flashing of her kindling eye,

Proclaim that peace must come by victory.

No mean submission may her blessings bring—

“ Peace, if he triumph—but if not—the king !”

Have seen the peasant's desolated hearth,

That marks too well the fierce destroyer's path ;

Inhaled the smoke, that curling from the plain,

Told the poor husbandman his toils were vain ;

Then blushed to think that Britons held the brand,

And dealt destruction round a friendly land ;

And felt what never Briton felt before—

A pang of shame that such a name I bore.

There was a time when Spain rejoiced to hear

That name, to Spaniards then most justly dear,

When all her laurels were brought forth to be

Bound on the brows of those that set her free,

Then did a nation's voice her thanks proclaim,
And hail with rapture our Vittoria's name !
But now how changed ! on fair Cantabria's shore
The shout of welcome is upraised no more ;
And in the sense of present wrongs forgot,
Our past good services avail us not.
'Tis but poor comfort to the hapless swain,
To know that they who devastate the plain
Are sons or brothers—nay, the very men
Who freed that plain from hated foemen then.
Shall he show mercy or submit, because
They talk to him of freedom and of laws,
Or by his smouldering homestead's lurid blaze,
Thank them for what they did in other days ?

Oh ! with what joy we rose e'er morning's dawn
Had dried the summer-dewdrops on the lawn,
And, our sole guard the lusty muleteer,
(Where all were friends, small cause had we for fear,)
Wended our way through Bilboa's fertile plain,
To where, entrenched upon his mountain-chain,
Dreaded Maroto, like a stag at bay,
Barred, tho' o'ernumbered, the vain boaster's way.

Full well I marked that chieftain's haughty brow,
His eagle-eye, that forced the servile bow,
Which trembling satellites knew well t' accord
To him, their mighty, unforgiving lord ;
But little recked we that beneath his smile,
E'en then lurked coward treason's deadliest wile,
That one short month should hear his dastard name
Proverbed as emblem of disgrace and shame.

Turn we from him ; across Azanza's height
Lay the young victor of Larraga's fight.
Well might his noble mien and flashing eye,
His fair broad brow, and shape of symmetry,
Recal to Memory's eye the forms that gleam
In knightly Spain's most dear, chivalric dream ;
Bright in his soul blazed honor's ancient flame,
And mournful glory smiles at Elio's name !

Nor must my wandering Muse forget to sing
The modest virtues of that mountain-king.
If gentle courage, that could nerve a heart
By nature soft, to act so stern a part,
And dare the dangers of that long-fought fight,
Simply because he deemed it just and right ;

If strictest honour, scorning art and wile,
That shows a soul in which exists no guile ;
If holiest piety, on which in vain
Defeated malice strove to fix a stain ;
If winning courtesy, and kingly pride
(Ever in Bourbon's princely sons allied,)
May warm a generous heart, I then may say
With Biscay's grateful sons, " Viva el Rey !"
But all, alas ! was vain : not Elio's fire,
Nor his, the hero of Morella's ire¹,
Not all the gentler virtues of the king,
Nor her's—the partner of his suffering ,
Not old Eguia's faithful heart and head,
Nor e'en the memories of the slaughtered dead,
Could against homesprung treachery prevail ;
(That last resource when arms and courage fail ;)
So now, on sad Bergara's hateful field,
Compelled at last, but not to foes, to yield,
The world saw Carlos lay his falchion down,
Give up the struggle, and concede his crown.

¹ Raymon Cabrera, Count of Morella.

Such were the tidings we were doomed to hear,
E'er one short month had closed its sad career ;
And e'er we landed on our native strand,
A low-born hireling ruled that hapless land.
Such are the fruits that Constitutions bring,
A tyrant-army, and a soldier-king !
Alas ! for her¹ who loved, if rumours tell
Their tale aright, not wisely, but too well,
Was it for this she left soft Naples' bay,
To rule a dotard, and his sceptre sway ?
Was it for this, 'midst Love's alluring charms,
She bore to listen to dread War's alarms,
And played for years that hard-learnt double part,
A queen in deed, a woman in her heart ?
Oh Retribution ! swift thine arrows fly,
As forked lightnings through the midnight sky :
Crushed by their weight, the guilty victor owns
Thy might triumphant against rebel thrones !
But English hopes, and English fears, again
Glow in my bosom, and inspire my strain :

¹ The ex-queen regent Maria Christina.

To fallen worth her grateful tribute paid,
To English themes returns the Aonian maid.
Albeit, alas ! to me do not belong
The sounding numbers of heroic song,
A plaintive, melancholy note is mine,
Such as was wont to float around the shrine
In days when faith, through ignorance, could hear
The voice divine, and own a Godhead near.

England's Trust.

III.

As some Spring-flower, that long beneath the earth
In patience bides the fated hour of birth,
Then, gently budding, lifts its tender head,
While, slowly opening, all its beauties spread ;
Called by the balmy breath of Spring, it owns
The call, and opens at its dulcet tones ;—
So now the purer faith of purer days
Peeps through the mould that hides the good old ways,
And struggling through this chilling age's gloom,
Gives fairest presage of a glorious bloom.
Limned by such hopes, each ancient trace appears
Mirrored distinctly in the glass of years ;
The frank simplicity, and words of truth ;
The reverence paid to age from modest youth ;

The hospitality that never knew
A pilgrim-guest in vain for shelter sue ;
The ready arm, that ne'er withheld the blow
When injured woman wept in silent woe ;
The gentle courtesy, that aye could tame
The fiercest courage of a heart of flame,
And bid the hero, in his lady's bower,
Forget his prowess 'neath her beauty's power ;
The lowly faith, that only cared to prove
Her deep intensity by deeds of love,
And scorned to leave enrolled to other days
Her children's names for ostentation's praise ;
The daily beadsman waiting for his bread,
Where good and bad were all, unquestioned, fed,
For then it was not to our rulers known
That God was mindful of the first alone ;
The monks still practised their dear Lord's command,
And rained their charity throughout the land,
Content to know that He who made them all,
Made his sun gleam alike on great and small,
And sent his rain, creation's dewy birth,
On just and unjust, to refresh the earth :

Then did each high hereditary lord
Sit at the head of his own princely board,
Where sate the stranger, and the menial crew,
Who owed him fealty and affection too ;
But if his wayward temper ill could brook
Or hasty answer, or irreverent look,—
If lust, or pride, or hatred moved his breast,
God's priest was there to do his lord's behest,
And haughtiest kings have stooped to kiss the rod
Wielded by some poor minister of God.
Each knew his place—king, peasant, peer, or priest—
The greatest owned connexion with the least ;
From rank to rank the generous feeling ran,
And linked society as man to man.

Gone are those days, and gone the ties that then
Bound peers and gentry to their fellow men.
Now, in their place, behold the modern slave,
Doomed, from the very cradle to the grave,
To tread his lonely path of care and toil ;
Bound, in sad truth, and bowed down to the soil,
He dies, and leaves his sons their heritage—
Work for their prime, the workhouse for their age.

Such is the boon that Independence brings,
That most deceitful of all tempting things.
Hail, Independence ! who can number all
The blessings rare that answer to thy call,
And by a stroke of thy enchanter's wand,
Enrich each peasant's hut throughout the land ?
Lured by thy light, the working classes own
No sickly love for Church, or State, or Throne :
Proud of his wit, and wise in his conceit,
Th' enlightened booby feels the generous heat ;
Disdains to own dependence on the great,
And learns to murmur at his low estate.
But Justice bids the lash of blame to fall
On rich and poor, on great as well as small.
Oh ! would some noble dare again to raise
The feudal banner of forgotten days,
And live despising slander's harmless hate,
The potent ruler of his petty state !
Then would the different classes once again
Feel the kind pressure of the social chain,
And in their mutual wants and hopes confess
How close allied the little to the less.

Oh ! that the Church would bid the helpless know
In Her the sure reliever of their woe,
And vindicate the claim She erst possessed,
The care of all the lowly and oppressed ! (1)

On furthest ocean's heaving breast meanwhile
Ride the sea-castles of our merchant-isle.
From China's wall, to Lapland's snowy fields,
Each land her harvest to our reapers yields,
Wealth gilds our towns, and manufacture reigns
O'er what but now were nature's green domains.
Alas ! no massive tower, no gorgeous fane
Proclaims Religion's undisputed reign.
Debased and low our modern churches lie,
Nor strike at once the wandering stranger's eye ;
To ease and comfort all our wealth is given,
" What we can spare we will devote to Heaven."
Far otherwise in happier days of old
Thought England's warrior-kings, and barons bold,
Then as each town or hamlet rose from earth,
The Church was there to consecrate its birth ;
And like a mother from her towers on high
Watched o'er her infant child with sleepless eye !

Go ! stand in yon old Abbey's gloomy aisle
And mark the glories of that wondrous pile,
Gaze through the summer evening's solemn gloom
On mullioned arch, low crypt, and marble tomb,
The shattered window's melancholy pride
Through which the sunset's mitigated tide
Of light flows gently in ; the fretted oak
That felt the Puritan despoiler's stroke,
In days when each old lovely, holy thing
Fell with the fall of England's Church and King,—
And own the spirit of the ancient time
Borne on those bells' sad solemn evening chime !
Then some new stuccoed chapel's order view,
The built-up altar, and the cushioned pew,
The midway galleries that just supply
The space required for slighted symmetry,
Whence high-born dames with fashionable airs
May hear the clergyman preach out the prayers,
And at their ease applaud his gentle style
At once so striking, and so soft the while,
And watch the beadle when the service's o'er
Turn out the loiterers, and lock the door.

Or if escaped the dangers of old age,
The wrath of bigots, and reforming rage,
The grey old Church still stands, and still invites
Her sons to join in solemn weekly rites,
Six days no worshipper may press the floor,
Sunday alone is given to the poor :
And yet, methinks, if they who early rise
Paid in the Church their morning sacrifice,
Few would regret that time as thrown away
When down the western sky declines the day ;
The sturdy labourer would not earn the less
For serving Him who hath the power to bless ;
The pale mechanic would not paler grow
For owning workmanship divine below.

Deign on rich Arno's vale to turn thine eyes,
And mark her sons industrious, strong, and wise,
Behold the vineyards telling of their toil,
The luscious olives, and the cultured soil ;
The lovely maiden shrinks not from her part,
But helps her father with her ready art ;
The jocund urchin adds his little aid,
And breaks the clods with huge paternal spade.

Plenty and peace their happy labours crown :
(Ah ! sight uncommon in our wealthiest town !)
Yet as each high and holy day comes round,
The poorest peasant in the Church is found,
Nor deigns to reckon up devotion's cost,
Nor deems the day unprofitably lost.
But now the summer day's long course is run,
Fair Florence glitters in the setting sun,
The vesper bells are hushed, the muttered prayer
Floats up to heaven on the evening air.
And now the merry dance, and gladsome lay
Winds up with mirth their Christian holyday.
Lo ! in the land where Tuscan Virgil sung,
O'er which old fame her brightest glory flung,
Land rich in old traditionary lore,
Still are her children what they were of yore ;
Still does the moralist delight to trace
Their gentle sternness, and their native grace,
And by fair Arno's banks does virtue hold
Her honoured court, as in the days of old.
Albeit a gentler spirit hovers o'er
Their temples' shrines, than hovered there of yore,

And a far holier faith now triumphs there,
Seeking the One true God with praise and prayer.

What, though a purer polish grace the gem
That shines refulgent in our diadem?
What, tho' excess of faith commands them see,
Where we may not, a present Deity?
Still are our hopes, our fears, our creeds the same,
Still do we triumph in our world-wide name;
And each true Christian fondly hopes to see
The Holy Church once more at unity.

Meanwhile, perchance more happiness is there,
Tho' clouds of incense load the "tainted" air,
Than in some murky English street or lane,
Where science turns man's energies to gain.
Go! mark the squalid form, the narrow brow,

And, All fear, all hope concentrated in "now;"
The constant ceaseless round of stunning care,
That knows no motive save of fixed despair;
And then midst poverty, toil, want, unrest,
Declare this nation 'bove its fellows blest!

Yet grant 'tis all too sadly true, but whence
Shall spring again our peace and innocence?

Where is the Master-spirit, that shall dare
Point out a mean, and say, "Behold it there?"
Must our great towns in hideous ruins fall,
And sweep away wealth, industry, and all?
Must the slow oxen drag the unconscious plough
O'er land, where countless houses stood but now,
While her gold tresses laughing Ceres waves
O'er buried cities, and their millions' graves?
Say, patriot heart, is this thy sober plan,
To give back virtue and repose to man?
No! though without a murmur I could see
Our wealth diminish as our follies flee,
Though I could bear to view our crowded towns
Sink into hamlets, or unpeopled downs;
Not ours the part! By sad experience taught
To shun the ills our selfishness has wrought,
'Tis ours in uncomplaining faith to bend
Beneath the storms that God thinks fit to send,
And own the chastisement in mercy given,
For sins that cried aloud from earth to heaven.
Must we then hearken to the furious cry
Of those who clamour for "equality?"

Have not the people learnt how vain the trust
On props like that which crumble into dust ?
Are the gradations that have marked our race,
Since God first stamped His likeness on its face,
Gradations hallowed by a thousand ties,
Of faith and love, and holiest sympathies,
Seen in the Patriarch's rule, the Judge's sway,
When God himself was Israel's present stay,
Now in the old world's dotage to be cast
As weak pretences to the howling blast ?
No ! by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage,
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years,
Shrined in our hearts with Crecy and Poitiers,
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old Nobility !

“ But,” cries the warm and eager friend of man,
“ 'Tis vain our various wants and ills to scan,
Unless with dauntless hand and fearless eye
You straight can fix on some strong remedy ;
No more will gentle medicines soothe our pain,
Your long-tried lenitives are worse than vain.

The time has come ; the fountains of the deep
No more in quiet confidence shall sleep ;
O'er the wide world behold a spirit rise
To scare alike the thoughtless and the wise ;
And mark it, hour by hour, and day by day,
Removing all that would obstruct its way.
The time has come, and now prepare to take
Your part, and set your all upon the stake !"

Thus, in all ages, in all climes have cried,
The eager few whom friends and foes deride ;
But, if their prophecy does not come true,
They seldom fail their given work to do ;
Not all unheeded swells their startling tone,
And Truth discovers here and there her own.
In these our times, as in the days of old,
When Israel wandered from her Shepherd's fold,
And God's ambassador proclaimed His will,
That penitence and peace should save them still¹,
So now one way remains, the beaten way,
Lighted by Faith's and Love's most cheering ray :

¹ Isaiah xxx. 15.

O'er its rough stones have kings and peasants
trode,

Marking each step that brought them nearer God.

Martyrs, confessors, priests, and virgins throng,

And raise on high their loud victorious song ;

All climes, all ages, send their faithful bands,

And here are met brave pilgrims from all lands.

Turn we to this : all earthly props may fail ;

The stately mast may shiver in the gale ;

Thrones may be shaken, kingdoms melt away,

And haughtiest castles crumble to decay ;

But still the CHURCH lives on, and still on high

Floats her blest banner in the thunder-sky.

While all things rock around, the Cross alone

Stands firm, nor heeds the tempest's giant moan ;

And blest that nation which in faith can dare,

Through weal or woe, place all her fortunes there.

Yes ! through the CHURCH must come the healing
power,

To bind our wounds in this tumultuous hour ;

From her old courts and altar-steps must flow

The streams of grace that shall assuage our woe.

The State, alas ! enervate and effete,
Feels now no more that all-productive heat,
Which in her noontide prime she erst received,
Fresh from the Church, believing and believed.
Say, then, thou dearest of my boyhood's friends,
Whose name its sanction to my labours lends,
In whom, with rapture, we delight to trace
The noble bearing of thy glorious race,
Say, are the glowing dreams and visions high
That glance athwart this changeful sunset sky
Nought but the phantoms of a 'wilder'd brain,
That broods on aims fantastically vain ?
Must honour, faith, unhesitating zeal,
And all those hopes that soaring spirits feel,
Fade darkly by, and only leave behind
A gloomier prospect for th' awakened mind ?
Must all the sons of earth in this sad life,
With sorrows laden, and with dangers rife,
Hug their dull chains, and plod with equal pace
Their downward course in mean submission's race ?
No ! from yon tomb, where sainted ashes lie, (2)
A voice on evening's zephyr-wing sweeps by,

Bidding the heart in every mood be true,
To shun th' expedient, and the good pursue.
No ! let each earnest-minded man prepare
To make some duty his peculiar care,
Work out with humbleness of head and heart
His own unnoticed, yet important part,
And leave the rest to Faith, content to say,
“ My conscience prompts I have not lost to-day.”

England's Trust.

IV.

THE mountain-stream in headlong torrent tears
Its way adown some channel worn by years ;
O'er all impediments behold it break,
Till lost at length in Windermere's blue lake ;
But cut a hundred little channels—lo !
The streamlets trickle gradually slow :
Turned from their course by broken branch or stone,
They take some new direction not their own ;
And if at last the wished-for goal they reach,
How weak and trivial is the force of each !
Thus in the days when men of fearless heart
Dared to play some unhesitating part,
Anselm, and Becket, Chicheley, Wolsey, Laud,
By wealth untempted, and by power unawed,

Saw but one end, and durst pursue that straight,
Despising pleasure, and contemning fate.
Such were our prelates ! Say, thou king of
France,

Who gave the word to Henry to advance ? (3)
Who blessed his banner, and announced that Heaven
To his right hand the victory had given ?
And what serenity of mind was Laud's !
(Which faith alone to deeds of faith accords,)
When after years of anger and of strife,
Even while the axe was gleaming for his life,
He could to God in thankfulness exclaim,
"If the Church stands not now, not mine the
blame !" (4)

This was his greatness, this, in horror's hour,
Nerved him with more than aged martyr's pow'r ;
That he throughout his wearying life had striven
For her, the unresisting bride of Heaven ;
Had nursed no dream, pursued no other end,
But forced all things, even life itself, to bend
To that ; so from his blood she quick uprose,
Like hero, strengthened by prolonged repose.

Ask the old satirist of falling Rome
What was the curse that heralded her doom ;
What, but that singleness of mind was gone,
Which led great men to prosecute alone
One stalwart end ; that sunk in sad excess
Of arts, and riches, and their foolishness,
Her stern, self-training spirit now no more,
Her long bright years of glory too were o'er ;
And, her sons glittering in their various parts,
She fell a victim to her thousand arts.
So now with us : oh ! could that hoary sage
Who mourned the sad luxuriance of his age
But see the annual increase of our laws,
As, year by year, its varying nostrum draws
The countless schemes that live their little day,
No dew-drops so quick vanishing as they,
How would his measured voice his grief proclaim,
And doom our littleness to lasting shame !

Trace the connexion that is clearly seen
The natural parent and the State between,
And see how evenly, when men began
To slight the symbol, they unkinged the man.

Each year has loosened further still the ties
Between divine and human sympathies,
Till now, too liberal and enlightened grown,
We laugh at all commandment, save our own.
Seems it not strange to our perverted view,
To read the terms of awe, which sons thought due
To sires, and which those sires thought due, again,
To all above them in the social chain !
Where now is that fond reverence, that spread
A holy halo round a regal head,
And showed the world a more than earthly thing—
The Lord's anointed in a sceptred king ?

'Tis vain to praise, with giddy pride elate,
The nice adjustment of our balanced state ;
How Commons temper Nobles, and how they,
In their turn, check th' encroaching Monarch's sway,
While round all three the Church her tendrils twines,
And helps to render indistinct the lines.
'Tis vain to hope that such arrangements can
Restrain the pent-up violence of man,
If by our selfishness we once destroy
The sole pure fountain of a nation's joy,

And show the poor a yawning gulf between
The noble's castle and their village green ;
Vain, unless freed from those, her galling chains,
The Church her lost expansiveness regains,
And, unrestrained by mortmain's jealous laws,
May dare to advocate her own good cause ;
Unless in Her a power divine we own,
And worship humbly at her altar-throne.

Have not three centuries sufficed to show
What sad effects from regal rapine flow ?
Are we not now still suffering for the sin
Of him who brought dread confiscation in,
And durst, by God's sure vengeance undeterred,
To lavish on his courtiers' greedy herd
The wealth which ages had in meekness given,
To deck the forehead of the Bride of Heaven ?
Ah ! 'twas not Charity that bade him lay
A tyrant's grasp on his defenceless prey ;
No mock expediency that now prevails,
To weigh Injustice in Imposture's scales,
Softened the fury of his lust, that blazed
Till e'en his panderers trembled as they gazed !

But from those courts that then in ruins fell
Are ne'er again the notes of praise to swell ?
Bound by his deeds, must we refuse to raise
Those shrines, the pride of England's happier days ?
Still may the Church no ministry award
To those, the tender sisters of her Lord,
But must poor woman ne'er the blessing know,
Of soothing pain, and ministering to woe ?
May she, when shrinking from the world's fierce heat,
Find in the forest-glade no blest retreat,
No house of mercy, where, the soother grown
Of others' pain, she may forget her own ?
Oh ! I have mourned, while standing in those halls
That hallow Brest's traditionary walls,
To think those gliding forms of purest white
In England's hospitals ne'er greet the sight,
And owned that England wants a jewel yet,
That sparkles in her neighbour's coronet.
Yes ! though destruction has with ruthless hand
Worked her wild will throughout that recreant land,
Though that high spirit, once her children's boast,
Seems, with the lilies of the Bourbons, lost,

Still do the Mercy-Sisters hover there,
And shed a fragrance on the tainted air,
Still, like the dove's, low gliding, sounds their tread
Around the wounded soldier's fevered bed,
Still to the sufferer is their presence given,
A most unearthly antitype of Heaven.
Oh! that our Monarch would adjoin this gem
To those that glitter in her diadem,
And, hearkening to Humanity's loud calls,
Restore the Sisters to their ruined halls!

Place in the centre of our crowded marts,
Where scared Philanthropy in horror starts
Back from the sight of want and crime and woe,
(The hateful three, that aye together go,
A staff of holy men, whose care should be,
Though bound themselves to set their brethren free,
And in the very depths of fell despair
Whisper glad tidings to the deadened ear;
Then would the voice of just reproach no more
Move England's heart to tremble to its core,
With thoughts of wealth that Tyrus ne'er possessed,
Heaped in this island of the distant West,

Acquired by means scarce Babylon had owned
What time the earth beneath her empire groaned ;
Increased by ruin of unnumbered souls,
To gild the car of Folly as it rolls !

Ah ! ever since that wild and sinful hour
When England bowed to Revolution's power,
As one by one her rights were swept away,
The Church has mourned our national decay
In Faith and Truth, and as each year rolled by
Still fainter grew the terrors of her eye ;
Till now of pristine pomp, and glory shorn,
Our holy Mother sits, and weeps forlorn.
Yet may we humbly trust, that not in vain
Has the wild tempest stirred the ruffled main,
That, of all earthly props and aids bereft,
Still to the Church her own keen sword is left ;
And as pure gold is proved by trying fire,
So through the clouds may She to Heaven aspire !
Yes ! if the fierce assaults of open foes,
And well-meant injuries, and friendly blows,
But teach her sons to feel her heavenly birth,
And make them scorn the arm whose strength is earth,

Then may we most confidently endure
Our ills, albeit they punish while they cure,
And gather round our Mother's threatened weal,
With humble confidence, and holiest zeal.

Faint grows my Muse ; her too presumptuous flight
Reveals the glories to her dazzled sight ;
Glories, that still await old England's isle,
Where ancient Faith and Virtue still shall smile.
Ay ! for amid the thousand forms of crime,
By wealth untainted, and unaged by time,
In many a hamlet yet uncursed by trade,
Bloom Faith and Love all brightly in the shade ;
(So tender flow'rets shun the noontide beams,
And love to nestle by secluded streams ;)
Still as of old, from greybeard sire to son,
Tradition's current noiselessly rolls on ;
Still has God's Priest the will and power to bless
With more than earth's mere mortal happiness ;
Still are his humble flock content to tread
With him the path that leads them to the dead,
Whose modest grave-stones speak to lowly Faith
Some of the mysteries that hallow Death.

Simple are they. They never learned to scan
With haughty pride the wrongs or rights of man,
Nor deemed it wisdom to despise and hate
Whate'er is noble, reverend, or great.
O'er them no lurid light has knowledge shed,
And Faith stands them in Education's stead ;
Albeit the sire, his daily labour done,
May tell some legend to his wondering son,
Recount perchance the hamlet's oft told tale,
How on All Hallow's eve in yonder dale,
A spectre lorn appears ; or how of old,
Those ruined halls held Barons brave and bold ;
And then, with shaking head and voice relate
Their good successors' melancholy fate ;
How for their Church and King they nobly stood,
And sealed their faith in battle with their blood.
When Sunday brings its welcome boon of rest,
In all the pomp of rustic splendour dressed,
Behold the humble train in meekness bend,
To catch the blessing of their pastor-friend,
And join with reverence in the heart-felt prayer,
That floats to Heaven upon the hallowed air.

Oh ! may the holy angels guard and bless
Their modest homes from modern restlessness :
May Mother-church attend each infant's birth,
Consign, life's struggle o'er, their dust to earth,
And keep, as witness to degenerate days,
Their choir to utter glory, thanks, and praise !

Fair is the prospect ; and the heart that beats
With English blood, rejoices as it meets
In many a sheltered nook fresh proofs, that show
The growth of Truth is confident, though slow ;
And hearts that lately cast all hope away,
Begin to watch the dawning of a day,
Bright as the Easter-suns, when gaily sped
The welcome, " Christ is risen from the dead ! "
Fair as the morn that hailed with rapture's breeze
The barque that bore our monarch o'er the seas,
When Heaven, in mercy to a nation's moan,
Restored the Stuart to his father's throne.
Nor if abroad we turn our anxious gaze
Are wanting auguries of brighter days,
Albeit a fearful load of sin is ours,
Blood wrongly shed, wealth squandered, misused
powers,

And chill indifference, that bore to doom,
Each year, fresh thousands to their living tomb,
Snatched from their homes, and smiling English dells,
Their happy hamlets, with their Sunday-bells,
To desert lands, with no Church lights to guide
Their fainting footsteps on the mountain-side,
No priest to stamp the Cross on childhood's brow,
Or bless the holy matrimonial vow,
Receive their sorrows, or in dying hour
Calm the weak bosom with absolving power.

'Tis past, and England's ear the cry has heard,
That cry has England's inmost heart-blood stirred,
And now with all a mother's love she glows,
To bid her wanderers on the Church repose.
Behold the distant lands that own her sway,
Taught by the Church, her gentle rule obey;
And mark the spirit that in by-gone days
Set the wide world in one religious blaze,
And poured the mailed might of this our land,
In holiest ardour on the Paynim strand,
O'er other lands, to those great men unknown,
Waft the loud cadence of their trumpet-tone,

Till England shall, with justice, claim and keep
A holier name than Mistress of the Deep,
That name which Rome in youthful vigour bore,
While Faith repeated it from shore to shore :
MOTHER OF CHURCHES ! this thy glorious name,
Thy best prerogative, thy chiefest fame !

The strain is o'er ; the vision melts away
Like sun-set tints at close of summer day,
And the full heart, that glowed with rapture's fire,
Caught from the swelling notes of glory's choir,
Sinks with mistrust to view the tempest sweep
With thundering fury o'er the troubled deep ;
To watch the clouds that gleamed but now in light
Herald in blackest dress the on-coming night.
But Faith commands the steadfast eye to gaze
Beyond those clouds, and pierce the thickening haze ;
While bright-eyed Hope exhorts to view afar,
O'er worlds remote, the morning's glorious star,
And rings in faithful ears the promise high
That wipes the tears from sad Affliction's eye,
And bids the Church on Him, her Lord, depend—
“ I will be with you, even to the end.”



Notes to England's Trust.

(1) Page 18, line 4.

“The care of all the lowly and oppressed.”

Is it not most true, that many of the worst evils from which we are now suffering, have arisen from our ignorant contempt or neglect of the rules of the Church? What, for instance, can be clearer, than that the following rubric makes provision for collecting the alms of the faithful every Sunday, whether there be a communion or no.

“Whilst these sentences are in reading, the deacons, churchwardens, or other fit person appointed for that purpose, shall receive the alms for the poor, and other devotions of the people, in a decent bason, to be provided by the parish for that purpose, and reverently bring it to the priest, who shall humbly present and place it upon the holy table.

“And when there is a communion, the priest shall then place upon the table so much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient.”

I confess, that it seems to me difficult to overstate the benefits which would accrue to the moral as well as the physical well-being of the poor, from a recurrence to this wise and Christian and primitive practice throughout the parishes of England.

(2) Page 27, line 23.

“ No ! from yon tomb, where sainted ashes lie,”

St. Alban, the protomartyr of England, was put to death on the spot where his ashes now rest, about the year 290, during the Dioclesian persecution, for concealing a priest from the fury of the Romans. The following is the venerable Bede's account of his martyrdom.

“ Cumque ad mortem duceretur, pervenit ad flumen quod muro et harenâ ubi feriendus erat, meatu rapidissimo dividebatur ; viditque ibi non parvam hominum multitudinem utriusque sexus, conditionis diversæ, et ætatis, quæ sine dubio, divinitatis instinctu, ad obsequium beatissimi confessoris ac martyris vocabatur, et ita fluminis ipsius occupabat pontem ut intra vesperam transire vix posset. Denique cunctis pene egressis, judex sine obsequio in civitate substiterat. Igitur sanctus Albanus cui ardens inerat devotio mentis ad martyrium ocuis pervenire, accessit ad torrentem, et dirigens ad cælum oculos, illico siccato alveo, vidit undam suis cessisse ac viam dedisse vestigiis. Quod cum inter alios etiam ipse carnifex qui eum percussurus erat, vidisset, festinavit ei ubi ad locum destinatum morti venerat occurrere : divino nimirum admonitus instinctu, projectoque ense quem strictum tenuerat, pedibus ejus advolvitur, multum desiderans ut cum martyre vel pro martyre quem percutere jubebatur, ipse potius mereretur percuti. Dum ergo is ex persecutore factus esset collega veritatis et fidei, ac jacente ferro esset inter carnifices justa cunctatio, montem cum turbis reverentissimus Dei confessor ascendit ; qui opportune lætus, gratiâ decentissimâ, quingentis fere passibus ab harenâ situs est, variis herbarum floribus depictus, immo usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil

præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe lateque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum, pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis, jam olim reddens qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur Decollatus itaque martyr fortissimus ibidem accessit coronam vitæ quam repromisit Deus diligentibus se."

Hist. Eccl. Gent. Angl. lib. i. c. vii.

(3) Page 30, line 5.

"Who gave the word to Henry to advance?"

King Henry.—May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Cant.—The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ—

When the son dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince."

King Henry V. Act 1. sc. 2.

(4) Page 30, line 14.

"If the Church stands not now, not mine the blame."

Every line of the writings of this great archbishop is pregnant with marks of that simple and fearless onwardness of purpose which carried him forward, through good report and through evil report, to the concluding scene and crowning

glory of his eventful life—his martyrdom. The text refers to the following remarkable entry in his diary : " March 6, Sunday, 1635. William Juxon, lord bishop of London, made lord high treasurer of England. No churchman had it since Henry VII.'s time. I pray God bless him to carry it so that the Church may have honour, and the king and the state service and contentment, by it. And now if the Church will not hold up themselves under God, I can do no more."—Autobiography of Archbishop Laud, p. 164.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Thoughts in Sickness.

“ My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.”—Heb. xii. 5.

I KNOW not how it is, but man ne'er sees
 The glory of this world, its streams and trees,
 Its thousand forms of beauty that delight
 The soul, the sense, and captivate the sight,
 So long as laughing health vouchsafes to stay,
 And charm the traveller on his joyous way.
 No ! man can ne'er appreciate this earth,
 Which he has lived and joyed in from his birth,
 Till pain or sickness from his sight removes
 All that in health he valued not, yet loves.
 Then, then it is he learns to feel the ties
 Of earth, and all its sweetest sympathies ;
 Then he begins to know how fair, how sweet
 Were all those flowers that bloomed beneath his feet ;

Then he confesses, that before, in vain,
The wild flowers flourished on the lowly plain ;
Then he remembers that the lark would sing,
Making the heavens with her music ring,
And he, ungrateful, never cared to hear
Those tuneful orisons at daybreak clear ;
While all the glories that enrich this earth,
Crowd on his brain, and magnify its worth,
Till truant fancy quits the couch of pain,
To rove in health's gay fields and woods again !
But when some pang his wandering sense recalls,
And chains the sufferer to his prison walls,
What to his anguish adds a sharper sting,
And plumes the feathers on affliction's wing ?
What but the thought that in his hour of health,
He slighted these for glory, power, or wealth ?
And, oh, how trivial, when compared to these,
Seem all those pleasures which are said to please !

At morn, when through the open lattice float
The hymns of praise from many a warbler's throat,
The sick man turns with pained and feverish start,
And groans in abject bitterness of heart.

Whence, say, ye vain ones, whence that soul-drawn
groan?

Came it from anguish, or from pain alone?

Think ye, reflection was not busy there,

Borne on the sunbeam, wafted by the air,

That speaks upbraiding, though its balmy voice

Whispers bright hopes, and bids his soul rejoice?

So feel I now, and should gay health once more

Glow in my frame, as it has glowed of yore,

Oh! may I prove my thankfulness, and show

I feel the glory of all things below!

From the third Elegy of Ovid's Art of Love.

CAN I believe that there are Gods ?

My love has broke her vow,
And yet her face so lovely once,
Is just as lovely now !

While she was true, her long locks waved
All sportive in the air,
And now she's false, yet still I see
The same long waving hair.

Her lips were as the roses red,
When she was kind and true ;
And now she's false, and yet those lips
Wear the same glorious hue.

Her foot, a fairy might have owned,
Is still as neat and small ;
And she, the model of all grace,
Is just as fair and tall.

Here eyes were as the moon's soft rays,
 So mild, yet piercing bright ;
And still those eyes, though turned from me,
 Pierce with as mild a light !

Stanzas.

I.

I CURSE thee not ! the struggle's past—
 All tearless is mine eye ;
 I only crave one look at last
 Of kindness—e'er I die.

II.

You offered me your all—your love,
 My love I plighted you ;
 You swore by that blue sky above,
 And I believed you true.

III.

For, oh ! I thought from that dear tongue,
 There fell no words of guile ;
 I stood enchanted while you sang,
 I stood—and loved the while.

IV.

To me thy very name is dead,
As if I knew thee not.
The blow is struck—the bolt has sped,
And thou—thou art forgot!

V.

Forgot! ah! no, in vain I strive
From memory to fly.
In constant sorrow I must live,
In constant sorrow die!

A Night Storm.

I.

I LOOKED into a placid lake ;
I looked upon its shore ;
I felt my thoughts a current take,
They never took before.

II.

I thought of all the glorious things
Which on this earth are spread ;
I thought of peasants, and of kings,
That under it lie dead.

III.

I thought how vain a thing is man,
How vain his hopes and fears ;
And from my thoughtful eyes began
To drop slow-flowing tears.

IV.

I looked up to a mountain's crest,
No cloud was then thereon—
Unruffled was the lake's calm breast,
On which the moon-beams shone.

V.

I thought one little moment's space
Of high and holy things,
Of God's redeeming love and grace,
From which salvation springs.

VI.

And then—the clouds poured out their rain,
The waves uprose on high ;
I looked around, but looked in vain,
For dark was all the sky.

VII.

I thought of sinners' awful doom,
My flesh began to creep ;
I wished myself again at home,
I wished I were asleep.

VIII.

I gazed—the darkness knew no light—
I heard the waters roar,
But could not see the fearful sight
That I had seen before.

IX.

I sate me down, and thought, and prayed,
Till hope had well nigh flown ;
I saw my crimes and sins arrayed
Before me, one by one,

X.

Flash came the lightning's livid flame,
Loud rolled the thunder-peal,
Till quivered all my trembling frame,
And sense began to reel.

XI.

It ceased—and suddenly I saw
Again the mountain's crest :
Fear, wonder, love, and holy awe
Strove in my humbled breast.

XII.

I rose up from the steaming ground,
I rose, and walked away ;
I heard a solemn, soothing sound,
And calmed my soul to pray.

XIII.

Since then full many storms I've seen
Stir up the raging sea,
But ne'er has night so dreadful been
As was that night to me.

Reserve in Friendship.

DEAR friend, albeit I never feel so blest
As when in thy loved company, and though
For worlds I would not that delight forego,
Still do I always leave half unexpressed
Things which I longed and purported to say,
That fade before thee, vision-like, away.
Fain would I ever by my actions show
My ready will to do thy least behest,
And so, perchance, this strange reserve is best.
The fairest flowers all silently do grow,
And shall I strive by feeble words to pay
A life-long debt of love in one short day,
When words, full well I know, are all too weak,
The loyal affection of my heart to speak ?

Windermere.

I.

I **LITTLE** thought, when first I came
These mighty hills among,
That wells of such high thoughts should spring
'Mongst them, as since have sprung.

II.

I little thought that yon blue lake,
So calm beneath my feet,
Should pledge me to a cause, from which
I never may retreat.

III.

Proud are the towers, and deep the woods
That gird my own dear home ;
Kind are the hearts of those I love ;
Then wherefore should I roam ?

IV.

Was it that I might bend o'er books,
And gain a scholar's name ?
By barren, soulless study strive
To toil my way to fame ?

V.

Not so ! I came prepared to feel
The might of nature's spell,
And deeply drink pure draughts of love
From each old haunted well.

VI.

Surely there is a secret charm
In these mysterious rills,
Surely some spirit hovers yet
O'er these dark, solemn hills !

VII.

Fain would I hope that all, which once
Was reckoned good and bright,
Has fled to these wild mountains' breast,
Hidden from vulgar sight.

VIII.

For, oh ! if still on earth there be
Traces of days gone by,
If meek-eyed Faith and Peace have not
Flown to the upper sky,

IX.

Here have they found a resting-place,
And here they love to dwell,
Shedding a gentle influence o'er
Each mountain, stream, and dell.

X.

Oh ! may I never cease to own
Their holy, solemn sway,
May they as guardian angels cheer
My setting sun's last ray !

.

Hope.

SURELY it is no idle hope that cheers
My else desponding soul to soar
Into the dim futurity of years,
Exulting, though no longer as of yore,
Old England's heart is healthy at its core.
Yes! mid the thickening gloom, and doubtful fears,
When each fresh morn perplexing portents bears,
Mid earthquake murmurs and the tempest's roar,
England shall see a nobler spirit rise
To change for smiles her children's craven tears,
And kindle in their now lack-lustre eyes
The fires that gleamed when Cœur de Lion bore
The banner of the Cross from England's shore,
And saw it flaunt its own, its Eastern skies.

King Charles the Martyr.

THOU monarch-martyr ! fain would I
 In meet expressions own
 Thy boundless sovereignty,
 Thou captive on a throne,
 O'er my soul's pulses ; but in vain
 The attempt, too grand, I make.
 My feeble-hearted strain
 Trembles to undertake
 A theme so sacred, yet I feel
 The memories of thy fate
 Cut through my heart as steel,
 Prompting to emulate
 Thy high resolve and steadfast faith,
 That knew not how to cower,
 That triumphed over death,
 And blessed thee in that hour
 Of sin, and sorrow, and unhallowed power !

Leaving Cambridge.

TO G. S. S.

MY heart's own brother! thus at length hath passed
Life's freshest hour, and the delusion's o'er
That erst had hoped these joyous days would last,
Now gone for ever, to return no more.
And while my melancholy eyes I cast
On buds of hope since nipped by folly's blast,
And youth's fair promise blighted I deplore,
Still are there brightest spots, to which I bend,
With no reproachful thoughts, my earnest gaze:
Those spots, the hours that I did love to spend
With thee, or listening to thy frequent praise;
Or when in solitude I dared to raise
My prayer to God, that He would blessings send
On thee and thine, my own high-hearted friend!

The Old Year.

WRITTEN IN NEVILLE'S COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE,
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1838.

“The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that which is done, is that which shall be done.”—ECCLESIASTES i. 9.

OLD year ! thy race is well nigh run.
One short, quick hour, and thou hast fled
To the still mansions of the dead,
And with thee many a sin forgot, unwept,
And many an evil thought
Have sunk in darkness with thy setting sun,
To be in darkness kept,
Till years for aye shall be together brought
To witness all the deeds that in them have been
wrought !

Old year ! one last half-hour is thine,

It fleeteth fast away,

And will not stay

For any prayer of mine.

The pale moon rides above,

And hushed is every sound,

As I pace my solemn round,

And think on heavenly love.

Fantastic towers around me rise

In the light that half conceals

The shapes that it reveals

To my meditative eyes.

Each pillar seems to say,

“Thou art of to-day,

“And weepest for the year that now dies,

“But we have stood unmoved, and seen

“Centuries glide by,

“And that which is, the same hath been,

“And shall be to eternity !”

The shadows gather far and fast,

And chiller is the air ;

Old year ! thy reign hath well nigh passed,

Oh, lowly be my prayer !

'Tis past ! Old year, thou art no more,

But in thy grave art laid,

Thy minutes and thy days are o'er ;

So earthly visions fade !

The Request.

TO F. W. F.

DEAR friend ! thou askest me to sing our loves,
And sing them fain would I, but I do fear
To mar so soft a theme, a theme that moves
My heart unto its core. Oh ! friend most dear,
No light request is thine ; albeit, it proves
Thy gentleness and love, that do appear
When absent thus, and in soft looks when near.
Surely, if ever two fond hearts were twined
In a most holy, mystic knot, so now
Are ours : not common are the ties that bind
My soul to thine ; a dear apostle thou,
I a young Neophyte, that yearns to find
The sacred truth, and stamp upon his brow
The Cross, dread sign of his baptismal vow !

A Bay-Bream.**I.**

I WOULD that I had lived in days
When lived the brave and true,
Who meetly earned their meed of praise,
Daring great deeds to do.

II.

Their loyalty did not depend
On faction's veering breath,
Their constancy refused to bend
To perils or to death.

III.

A Lovelace, a Montrose, were then
Bright stars to light the way,
Ready with either sword or pen
To prove their monarch's sway.

IV.

Bright eyes did then full keenly glow
With loyalty's pure flame ;
Rebellion's curs were taught to know,
And fear a Stanley's name.

V.

Oh ! be that name once more renowned,
That banner waved on high,
In English air once more let sound
A Stanley's battle-cry.

VI.

Full many an English sword would then
Leap from its scabbard's rest,
And thousands good of Englishmen
Press after Stanley's crest.

VII.

Away with doubt ! away with fear !
Too long behind a cloud
Hath England's honour many a year
Been hid as in a shroud :

VIII.

And cold and heartless men have swayed
The councils of the state ;
To bitter foes hath been betrayed
The Church's widest gate.

IX.

Descendant of a peerless queen,
Inheritor of fame,
Think on what is, and what hath been,
And vindicate thy name !

Lady! 'tis not.

I.

LADY! 'tis not that thine eye is bright,
 'Tis not that thy face is fair,
 'Tis not that thy step is free and light,
 'Tis not for thy raven hair.

II.

'Tis not that thy voice is low and sweet,
 'Tis not for thy foot so small,
 'Tis not that thy lips are love's own seat;
 'Tis for something worth them all.

III.

'Tis that thy soul is pure as the light,
 It is that thy words all tell
 The goodness with which thy heart is bright,
 That now—ah, lady! farewell!

Childhood's Spring.TO F. W. F.¹.

I.

DEAR Faber, thank you for your lay,
That chaunts of early spring,
Of April gleams, and bright rain-drops,
And all the joys they bring.

II.

In truth, it is a merry time,
And I would fain repair
To Oxenford's time-hallowed town,
And play a measure there.

III.

A thousand are the childish thoughts
That come with the snow-drops,
And bud when all the sturdy oaks
Grow purple to their tops.

¹ Vide Faber's poems, p. 186.

IV.

'Twas then in childhood's innocence
We roamed the woods among,
And joyed to see the tiny flowers
That forth to beauty sprung.

V.

We little cared for bulb or root
In all our childish glee.
Why should we care? in honest truth,
No botanists were we.

VI.

Thine April strain hath moved my heart
To overflow with joy,
And brought the tears into my eyes—
I am no more a boy.

VII.

Faber! to both of us most dear,
For ever be this season!
For we will muse on childhood's time,
And bid adieu to reason.

VIII.

Snowdrops and wild anemonies

In clusters we will bring,

And heap up tender flowerets

“ In honor of the Spring.”

April's Lesson.

TO F. W. F.

I.

DEAR Friend ! no more let bitter thoughts
Find vent in cruel words,
But let us take a lesson good,
From April's joyous birds.

II.

I knew not that my words would pain,
I knew my love was true,
And thought to love my Fatherland,
Dear friend, was loving you !

III.

And so I spake hot words, and free,
Yet never loved the less,
Nor feared, lest my brave dreams should mar
Thy thoughtful loneliness.

IV.

Those bitter words were all too keen,
 Like winter's northern blast;
 But now has gentle April come,
 And winter winds have passed.

V.

A sunbeam and a pearly shower
 Come twinkling down to earth,
 Together laughing in their tears,
 And weeping in their mirth.

VI.

And so in future shall our joy
 Be tempered by our fears;
 And so shall April-gleaming hopes
 Smile brightly through our tears!

A Calm at Sea.

A calm ! oh dreaded word at sea,
Fraught with sad memories to me !
Destroyer of all peace and quiet,
Uprooter of the choicest diet,
What mortal stomach can resist
Thy swelling motion's cruel twist ?
He who fears nor seas, nor squalls,
Before thy might resistless falls ;
His head turns round, his stomach fails,
Before a calm he helpless quails !
The sails flap idly 'gainst the mast,
The sluggish tide flows slowly past ;
The captain scans with wistful eye,
Th' horizon of the cloudless sky ;
In vain he looks, for all around
Is deadly still ; nor sight nor sound
Heralds a coming breeze ; the crew
Have nothing left for them to do

But mend their jackets, or to lie
Gazing on sea-weed floating by.
Oh calmless calm ! the heaving "Clown ?,"
Reels like a drunkard up and down.
You cannot eat, you cannot drink,
You cannot talk, you cannot think,
You cannot stand, nor yet repose,
You cannot walk, you cannot dose ;
And, oh, what cuts me to the quick,
You cannot—no you can't—be sick.

⁷ The Duke of Portland's yacht, on which the author first experienced the miseries of a calm.

Whit-Tuesday.

I.

THE morn of a high festival !
 And in the olden time,
 When men obeyed their Mother's call
 And She was in her prime ;

II.

Christians in thousands would have been
 All on their knees to-day,
 And saints departed would have seen
 Their living comrades pray.

III.

The stripling and the aged man,
 The mother and the son,
 The master and the artizan,
 All joined this morn in one,—

IV.

In holy concert would have raised
Their Church-inspired voice,
And with the Church have upwards gazed,
Daring in her rejoice.

V.

But in this Christian town this morn
Deserted was each shrine,
From whence in purer days were borne
Glad hymns, and sounds divine ;

VI.

While London's busy crowds swept by,
Each soul on self intent ;
On earth, and earthly things, each eye
Unalterably bent.

VII.

And yet it seemed as if the vows
Of those, the faithful few,
Might plead with Christ for his blest Spouse,
The Church—oppressed, yet true.

The Preacher.

I.

FULL strange to worldly men it seems
To hear thy speech of flame ;
To them thy hopes are idle dreams,
Existing but in name.

II.

How should they feel, as thou dost feel ?
Thy hopes how should they share ?
Earth's is the shrine at which they kneel,
To which they raise their prayer.

III.

The past to them a lifeless page
For ever must remain.
The wisdom of each by-gone age,
For them is stored in vain.

IV.

No glorious hope their life's dull sky
Checquers with sunlike ray ;
Nor vision fair, nor purpose high,
Brightens their cloudy day.

V.

Yet faint not thou ! but nerve thy heart
To bear their senseless sneers,
And still thy tidings high impart,
E'en to unwilling ears.

VI.

What, tho' the great thy labours scorn,
And statesmen mock thine aim,
Tho' plumeless crest and banner torn
No victory proclaim,—

VII.

Again that banner raise on high,
Renew the doubtful fight !
'Tis not for thee to faint, nor fly—
And God will show the right !

The Meeting.

TO G. S. S.

I.

How has my heart looked forward to this hour
 When our right hands should meet again.
 In loneliness, in sunshine and in shower,
 In health, in joyousness, or pain,
 In foreign lands, upon the homeless sea,
 My thoughts were ever fixed, dear friend, on thee !

II.

Through the green vistas of profaned Versailles,
 With thee, by Fancy led, I strayed :
 In grey Notre Dame's time-hallowed aisle,
 Thy soul was present, as I prayed :
 Thy voice was wafted on the western breeze,
 O'er the glad gardens of the Tuilleries.

III.

And Biscay's heights, and plains of fair Navarre,
 Wanted a charm which thou hadst given :
And tho' the blaze of that romantic war,
 Lit up each spot with hues of Heaven,
My soul did long for the sweet sympathies
Of thy fond heart, and glory-beaming eyes.

IV.

But most at Rome, while hanging o'er the tomb
 Of those, the last of Stuart's line,
Shrouded from gazers by the evening's gloom,
 My sighs did yearn to melt with thine.
For there was no one who could grieve with me,
The lonely mourner from beyond the sea.

V.

So do I cherish half-formed hopes, that e'er
 Our boyish spirit, with our boyish years,
Hath fled, we two together may repair,
 To mingle at that tomb our tears,
And pray together to the Lord in heaven,
That our dear country's sin may be forgiven.

The Ending.

TO G. S. S.

1.

How far we have come forward to
 What we have done should meet
 In wisdom, in wisdom and in then
 In wisdom, in wisdom, or gain,
 In wisdom, and then the wisdom
 In wisdom, and then the wisdom

2.

How far we have come forward to
 What we have done should meet
 In wisdom, in wisdom and in then
 In wisdom, in wisdom, or gain,
 In wisdom, and then the wisdom
 In wisdom, and then the wisdom

III.

And Biscay's heights, and plains of fair Navarre,
 Wanted a charm which thou hadst given :
And tho' the blaze of that romantic war,
 Lit up each spot with hues of Heaven,
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V.

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 Our boyish spirit, with our boyish years,
Hath fled, we two together may repair,
 To mingle at that tomb our tears,
And pray together to the Lord in heaven,
 At our dear country's sin may be forgiven.

VI.

But now no more—to press thy hand, and read

The love that lights up thy blue eyes,

And bid thee “welcome” is the happy meed

Of him, who fondly prophesies

The time when thy most glorious name shall blaze

With clear undying light in nobler days.

Jan. 1840.

Signs of the Times.

Methinks an earnest-minded man may see,
In these our days of restlessness and strife,
Portents with which our English air was rife
What time religion and philosophy
Cut off a sainted monarch's blameless life.
The sick and fierce affection to be free
From all restraints of Church and monarchy;
The haughty confidence of power, that springs
From out dull years of cold indifference,
And weighs and counts the cost of holiest things,
Asking the use of prelates and of kings,
And views high mysteries with eye of sense,—
Warn us that England once again may hear
The shouts of Roundhead and of Cavalier.

To the Lord Lyttelton.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

You have not gained the prize for which you strove,
 Young heir of gentle glory ! yet to thee
 Defeat like this is noblest victory.
 Whence came that fiery impulse, that could move
 Calm, thoughtful men, from vain ambition free,
 To leave whate'er was object of their love,
 And rank thy cause all other things above ?
 Nay ! 'twas not partial friendship that did see
 (For partial friendship oftentimes is blind)
 Thy many virtues with an eye too kind ;
 But ancient faith and honour bade us fight
 Thy sacred fight, and now we triumph find
 E'en in defeat, since thus with darkness dight
 The dayspring dawns to fill the world with light.

Lord Derwentwater's War Song.

I.

ONCE more raise the banner, once more let it float
 O'er Northumberland's valleys, from Dilston's old
 moat,
 Once more let the hall of my forefathers ring
 With "Welcome back heartily! joy to our King!"

II.

Too long have we suffered our monarch to roam,
 In exile, deprived of his crown and his home;
 Too long have our broad-swords been rusting away:
 Look well to their polish, we'll try them to-day!

III.

For the King he has come; let the spear be in rest,
 Be burnished the armour, and bright be the crest.

Tho' in number but few, not unknown are the names
Of the gentry of England who strike for King James.

IV.

Let cravens stand neuter ; we need not their aid
To conquer those rebels their weakness has made ;
We ask no assistance, no force save our own,
When fighting for England, the Church, and the
Throne.

V.

Then shake out the banner ; in letters of gold,
Proud "tandem triumphans," our motto behold !
Oh ! blest be our arms, and successful the fight
That is fought for old England, King James, and his
right!

VI.

By the shades of our fathers who fought for their
king,
By the evils rebellion and heresy bring,
By our freedom invaded, our altars o'erthrown,
We will place our true king on his forefathers' throne!

VII.

Then, true hearts of England, I bid ye stand forth
From the east and the west, from the south and the
north ;

Over hill and through valley be echoed the cry,
“ For King James and his rights we will conquer or
die ! ”

William of Nassau.

“CALM as an under-current,” that beneath
The green and slimy waters of some dyke
In chill, dank Holland glides (oh! how unlike
A sparkling English river, whose pure breath
Sends health and gladness over vale and heath,)
Came cold Dutch William, half afraid to strike
An open blow, in patricidal strife,
Against the gentle father of his wife;
So with insinuations worse than death
He worked upon credulity, and dared,
By filial love and piety unscared,
The mighty lie, wherewith base tongues were rife,
Against thy royal truth and spotless fame,
Thou gentlest bearer of the Virgin’s name!

Christmas.

I.

OLD Christmas comes about again,
 The blessed day draws near,
 Albeit our faith and love do wax
 More faint and cold each year.

II.

Oh! but it was a goodly sound,
 In th' unenlightened days,
 To hear our fathers raise their song
 Of simple-hearted praise.

III.

Oh! but it was a goodly sight,
 The rough-built hall to see,
 Glancing with high-born dames and men,
 And hinds of low degree.

IV.

To holy Church's dearest sons,
The humble and the poor,
To all who came, the seneschal
Threw open wide the door.

V.

With morris-dance, and carol-song,
And quaint old mystery,
Memorials of a holy-day
Were mingled in their glee.

VI.

Red berries bright, and holly green,
Proclaimed o'er hall and bower
That holy Church ruled all the land
With undisputed power.

VII.

O'er wrekin wide, from side to side,
From grey-beard, maid, and boy,
Loud rang the notes, swift flowed the tide
Of unrestrained joy.

VIII.

And now, of all our customs rare,
And good old English ways,
This one, of keeping Christmas-time,
Alone has reached our days.

IX.

Still, tho' our hearty glee has gone,
Tho' faith and love be cold,
Still do we welcome Christmas-tide
As fondly as of old.

X.

Still round the old paternal hearth
Do loving faces meet,
And brothers parted through the year
Do brothers kindly greet.

XI.

Oh ! may we aye, whate'er betide,
In Christian joy and mirth,
Sing welcome to the blessed day
That gave our Saviour birth !

"Thorow¹."

I.

Rise up, young knight, and stamp that word
 Upon thine inmost heart;
 Rise up, young knight, and sternly gird
 Thyself to act thy part!

II.

True, he who blazoned on his shield
 Those letters six of flame,
 Met not his death on tented field,
 But died a death of shame.

III.

True, that the sapling yields and bends,
 And shuns the tempest's stroke,
 That furiously breaks and rends
 The uncompliant oak.

¹ "Thorow and thorow." — Archbishop Laud to Lord
 Strafford. Vide Strafford's Life, p. 315.

IV.

True, that in days of wrath and strife
The stalwart arm may fail ;
True, that with death the clouds are rife
That 'thwart the horizon sail.

V.

But he whose soul is nerved to bear
All perils, small and great,
Can with undaunted courage dare
The unknown storms of fate.

VI.

And he who, 'bove each earthly thing,
Doth seek, with purpose high,
To do the bidding of his king,
Need never fear to die.

VII.

So aye be "thorow" on thy heart
Graven in scroll of flame,
And dauntless act thy destined part,
Then, welcome death or fame !

A Vision.

I.

A vision from Dream-land came unto me,
And I dreamed I was sailing all under the sea ;
And the mermaids so lustrous were chaunting around
Their red coral rocks, deep, deep under ground.

II.

Their chaunt was now high, and now low died away,
Like the boom of the billows at close of the day,
As they sang of the wars of the kings of the sea,
Or lamented the death of the brave and the free.

III.

From the day that first saw man roam over the wave
To that hour which was bearing some wretch to his
grave,
Each sea-hero was hymned, and each sea-fight was
sung,
While the wrecks and the rocks with the melody rung.

IV.

All the pride of old Sidon, the grandeur of Tyre,
Waked in soft plaintive numbers the voice of the lyre,
As all that remained of their glory was seen
By the wrecks of old argosies rotting and green.

V.

There were goblets all mildewed, and ore from the
mine,
And purple, and gems that had brightened no shrine,
All the pomp of the world, all the prey of the grave
Lay stored in those sunless retreats of the wave.

VI.

From Rome and from Carthage, from Greece and
from Ind,
With treasures unnumbered the caverns were lined,
Rich Arabia's frankincense, and gold of Peru,
From nations now perished, and worlds they ne'er
knew.

VII.

All unmoving I listened for hours, while the song
In cadences varied went flowing along ;

Till at last of a country more mighty than Rome,
In loud anger it spoke, and pronounced its sad doom.

VIII.

“ Since o’er all our dominions, o’er ocean’s vast
 breast,
From the North and the South, from the East and
 the West,
All the trade of the world by thy ships is conveyed,
And submission by all to thy standard is paid ;

IX.

“ Since thy merchants are richer than kings wont
 to be
In the days thou commenced to bear sway o’er the
 sea,
And the wealth of all nations is heaped in thy stores,
While we guard from all foemen thy wave-beaten
 shores ;

X.

“ And yet, all unmindful of that which hath been,
And unmindful of all thou hast heard and hast seen,

Thou hast dared to forget thy high trust and thy
fame,

In most godless emprises, we vengeance proclaim.

XI.

“Ay! because thou hast slighted the voice of the
Lord,

Destruction for thee and thy children is stored.”

I started—for 'twas of old England they spoke—

“Shew us mercy, good Lord,” I sighed forth—and
awoke.

Easter.**I.**

THE tiny flowers that cowered beneath
The Winter's angry wind,
Called by young Spring's refreshing breath,
To life their entrance find.

II.

The tender blades spring up again,
To bless the hungry earth ;
While modest suns, and genial rain,
Watch fondly o'er their birth.

III.

All gentle things that move above
The freshly budding ground,
The pledges sure of parent's love,
At Easter-tide are found.

.IV.

As bursts the flower from wintry bands
To sweetness and to bloom,
So the Redeemer of all lands
Burst from His riven tomb.

.V.

Thus does all Nature speak a voice
That all who run may hear,
And bids the Christian's heart rejoice
Beside his Saviour's bier.

.VI.

And thus the Church doth raise each year
Her high triumphant song,
Whose notes her faithful sons may cheer
All the bright summer long.

.VII.

The trees that spread abroad their leaves
Beneath the suns of June,
The red ripe corn that stands in sheaves
Beneath the harvest-moon,

VIII.

The warblings of the feathered race,
The glowing garden's pride,—
Are but fulfilments of the grace
Shed fresh at Easter-tide.

IX.

So grant us, Lord, Thy freshening dew,
Our drooping hearts to raise,
And still Thine Easter grace renew
Throughout our length of days.

X.

So may our Spring's fresh promise speak
Our Summer's brightening bloom,
Until in Autumn's fall we seek
An Easter-conquered tomb !

Note to Miscellaneous Poems.

Page 94.

WILLIAM OF NASSAU.

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw
 Million of waves into itself, and run
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau,
 (By constant impulse of religious awe
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope !
 The hero comes to liberate, not defy ;
 And, while he marches on with righteous hope,
 Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !
 The vacillating bondman of the pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets, VIII.

So sings Mr. Wordsworth, but I confess that, to my mind, there are in English history few more uninviting characters than William of Nassau ; cold, calculating, regardless of the means by which his end was to be accomplished, devoid of natural affection, and unmoved by those generous sentiments which used to be regarded among Englishmen,—he has yet

been held up to succeeding generations as a hero worthy to be worshipped ; and the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" has been frantically honoured by men who would scorn themselves, were they to have made use of the means, for however worthy a purpose, by which he gained his crown. What respect is the memory of that nephew and son-in-law entitled to, who, in his declaration to the English people, could thus speak deliberately and falsely of his uncle and father-in-law. "That there were great and violent presumptions, inducing his highness to believe, that those evil counselors, in order to the gaining the more time for the effecting of their ill designs, had published, 'That the queen had brought forth a son,' though there had appeared in the manner, wherein the birth was managed, so many just and visible grounds of suspicion, that not only he himself, but all the good subjects of the kingdom did vehemently suspect, that the pretended Prince of Wales was not born of the queen?"

Echard's Hist. of England, p. 898.

I am glad to think, for the sake of English honour, that we are beginning to set up worthier idols in our hearts than this Dutch conqueror, whom political rancour and religious intolerance combined to dignify as a patriotic deliverer.

Memorials of other Lands.

TO THE
MARQUIS OF GRANBY,
THESE
SLIGHT MEMORIALS OF MANY HAPPY DAYS,
SPENT TOGETHER IN FOREIGN LANDS,
ARE DEDICATED,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,
THE AUTHOR.

The Tuilleries' Gardens.

June 9, 1839.

I.

THERE is full oft a season, and a scene,
When mute the poet's voice remains ;
When for high thoughts his words are all too mean,
And feeble sound his loftiest strains.

II.

Thus, in these still-loved gardens, though profaned
By proud rebellion now they seem,
Where kingly Bourbons, as of yore they reigned,
Still reign in loyal fancy's dream.

III.

While sinks behind yon fountain's silvery spray
The early summer's setting sun,
I fain would sing some heart-inspiring lay,
Yet pause, and leave the task undone.

IV.

Those broad-leaved chesnuts, whose refreshing shade
Allures the loiterer to yon seat,
And many a noble, long-extending glade,
Impervious to the noon-tide heat,

V.

Now crowded with the gayest of the gay,
The busy idlers of an hour,
Might claim the tribute poets love to pay
To stately walk and shady bower.

VI.

But something bids me to forbear, nor sing
Among sedition's grinning bands :
The palace of a throne-usurping king,
No song from English lips demands.

VII.

Over that palace floats, as if in scorn,
The flag of anarchy and war ;
That flag, which erst in triumph wildly borne,
Waved o'er the conquering Despot's car.

VIII.

Why floats it there ? It speaks of jealous fear

For power obtained by guiltiest art.

Alas ! the robe that upstart monarchs wear,

Too often hides a care-racked heart !

St. Michael's Vault.

[BOURDEAUX.]

I stood among the dead, and all around
Where ghastly corpses, that for years had braved
The might of Time ; the charnel-house was paved
With crumbling bones ; a hollow, stilly sound
Came from the bodies, as the heedless guide
Touched with unhallowed hand the heartless side,
Or moved the pliant arm : long years encaved
They had been waiting, like some patient bride,
The coming of their Lord : but chance unbound
The portals of their tombs, and prying eyes
Now scan the features, still with passions rife,
That speak in death of what they were in life.
Nor reck the gazers, that these forms shall rise
At the last day, and soar into the skies.

The Heights near St. Sebastian.**I.**

MID fern-clad hills, where flocks at pleasure roam,
And crags dark brooding o'er the flood,
Has sturdy loyalty her latest home,
Red with her slaughtered children's blood.

II.

Behold yon height, that towers above the main,
That dale so fair beneath our feet!
Why at the sight do mingling joy and pain
Within my breast contending meet?

III.

'Twas here our meteor-flag to victory borne,
Spoke hope and freedom to the land;
While Spain rejoicing, hailed th' auspicious morn,
That beamed upon the well-won strand.

IV.

Swift years rolled by : that meteor-flag again
 Waved gaily from yon castled steep,
Bidding the bravest and the best of Spain
 For ruined hearth and altar weep.

V.

Oh, England ! if the flood of matrons' tears,
 May wash away a nation's guilt,
If want, and woe, and misery, and fears,
 Atone for blood unjustly spilt ;—

VI.

Then in thy gloomy future we may see
 Good from a thousand forms of ill :
Then may thy mourning sons have hope for thee ;
 No longer great—but England still.

The Oak of Guernica¹.

September 1834.

HERE, at Guernica, comrades, are we met
To swear 'gainst treason fell, undying war,
Till our loved prince, upon his lordly car
Be victor borne, and on his brows be set
The crown of Spain, and Biscay's coronet.
What ! are our hallowed rights so little worth,
That we should tamely yield them ? If ye are
Such as your sires, Biscayans, used to be,
Go ! follow glory's brightly-beaming star ;
And e'er its leaves this sacred tree puts forth
Madrid shall tremble at th' indignant North ;
While loved and honoured by the brave and free,
Your royal leader shall be owned afar,
Lord of Biscay, and sovereign of Navarre !

Vittoria ?.

The Night of the 19th July, 1839.

THESE are thy sons, oh Freedom ! this the deed
 Of Spaniards eager to redeem their land
 From the stern grasp of despotism's hand,
 And succour mercy in her hour of need !
 These are thy arms—the midnight torch and brand
 That on thy side unanswerably plead.
 Yes ! by his blazing homestead's lurid light,
 The trembling peasant must be taught to know
 That Freedom ranks him as her deadliest foe.
 Oh ! for the horrors of this cursed night,
 Which in the flames of smouldering hamlets glow ;
 Arise ! thou God of vengeance, in thy might,
 To help the poor and friendless to their right,
 And lay th' oppressor and the robber low !

Carlos Quinto.

ONATE.

HIGH-HEARTED monarch! on thy mountain throne,
 Begirt with loyal hearts and ready hands,
 Long time hast thou withstood the leaguering bands
 Of mightiest nations, and hast proudly shewn
 To an admiring world, that he who stands
 On a just cause, full well can guard his own.
 'Tis a most noble lesson, and the prayer
 Of many a youthful heart ascends on high,
 That, hovering o'er thy mountain lair,
 Celestial guardians may be ever nigh,
 (Most nigh, when thou appearest most alone,)

To whisper hope, and chase away despair.
 So shalt thou proud rebellion still defy,
 Till on thy brow is bound the wreath of victory!

The Outcast.**I.**

BEFORE the shrine of some blest saint,
While loud the organ peals,
In unsuspecting faith and love
Each Spanish maiden kneels.

II.

Three Sundays now have passed since we
On Spanish land first trod ;
And never have I dared to seek
The presence of my God.

III.

My fainting soul, in solitude
Seeks for relief in vain :
Blue hills, and glorious bright green things,
Do but augment my pain.

IV.

I seem, 'midst sights and sounds of prayer,
That o'er these mountains swell,
To be—it is a fearful thought—
An outward infidel.

V.

Oh Thou ! who out of stony rocks
Canst make the waters flow,
And in the desert wilderness
Cause flowerets to blow.

VI.

Do Thou, in this perplexing land,
Accept my erring prayer ;
Albeit it rises unto Thee
From out th' unhallowed air.

Farewell to Spain.

August 3rd, 1839.

I.

I CANNOT roam these hills among,
Nor thread these forests wild,
Nor hear the shrill untutored song
Of freedom's mountain child,

II.

And then restrain within my breast
The thoughts that therein burn,
Nor lull the rising fire to rest
In studied unconcern.

III.

And now that I am soon no more
To hear those stirring notes,
And cease to feel my spirit soar
As past the music floats ;

IV.

I cannot leave a land so dear
Without a parting strain ;
Nor check the free, unbidden tear,
That weeps "farewell" to Spain.

V.

Farewell, ye scenes where honour dwells,
And valour brightly gleams,
Midst wooded crags, and rocky dells,
And silver-glancing streams.

VI.

'Tis here that Fancy loves to muse,
As sunset's latest dye
Tinges with all its fairest hues
The summer's evening sky.

VII.

'Tis here that Memory fain would give
A present to the past,
And bid again the hero live,
Whose fame for aye shall last.

VIII.

Yes ! while unconquered yet, and free
Ye wage your glorious war,
Zumalacarregui shall be
Your brightest leading star.

IX.

His spirit still shall nerve the arm,
And prompt the counsel bold,
'Mid perils near, and dread alarm,
And disappointment cold.

X.

And ye, brave warriors, may your cause
Right soon triumphant prove !
May ye possess your ancient laws,
And monarch whom ye love !

XI.

So to all future times shall ye
Your famous names bequeath,
Names of the loyal and the free,
Triumphant over death !

XII.

Farewell, loved scenes, tho' fond regret

And sympathy rebel :

Albeit I fain would linger yet,

I may not :—Fare ye well !

A Tooth-ache in the French Pyrenees.**I.**

FAIR was the morn, and fresh the breeze,
And blue the distant hills :
Full sweetly waved the bright green trees
That overhung the rills.

II.

No war was raging in the land,
No orphans mourned their sires ;
Destruction found no ruthless hand
To scatter wide her fires.

III.

Across our path no signs of woe
Or misery appeared ;
The song of waters murmuring low,
Was all the sound we heard.

IV.

And yet, because one thrill of pain
My shrinking frame shot through,
Nature, her richest stores in vain
Expanded to my view.

V.

Oh, man of feeble, fainting heart !
Hast thou a living soul ?
Then learn to act a Christian's part,
Nor own such base control.

VI.

Know, that each evil meekly borne,
Becomes a blessing straight :
Full many a bramble, prick, and thorn,
Encompass heaven's gate.

VII.

And thou in fear and pain must tread
The path that saints have trod,
If thou would'st join the holy dead
Before the throne of God.

The Park at Pau.

August 23d, 1839.

To F. W. F.

'MID the most smiling scenes of smiling France,
Where, in the hazy distance, bluely rise
The Pyrenees, and melt into the skies ;
While o'er this fair rich prospect in a trance
I gaze, my wandering soul to England flies,
And her loved lakes, o'er which the shadows dance
Like gloomy fairies when their monarch dies.

This time last year ! and we were roving then
On Loughrigg's brow, or up St. John's wild glen ;
Friends of an hour, and thou gav'st utterance
To words which cold and worldly-hearted men
Might deem too full of wrath ; and yet perchance
The hour may come, and come unlooked for, when
Things shall prove true that scared thy prophet's
ken.

The Castle of St. Mary, at Luz.

HERE stood our English Edward ; from this tower
 He gazed on yonder mountains, that defied
 His further progress, and contemned his power.
 Mountains on mountains ! Lo, on every side,
 They rear their cloud-capped heads, yet seem to
 cower

Beneath the angry elements ; oh ! pride
 And pomp of chivalry, this is no hour,
 While the loud thunder-peals around me boom,
 And the bright lightnings flash from out the gloom,
 For ye ! the conflicts of the heavens deride
 The puny strife of man, and sound the doom
 Of time, and time's past glories, that have died
 Like him, who erst in youthful victory's bloom,
 Stood victor here, then sunk into the tomb.

Abignon.**I.**

I OVERLOOKED the rushing Rhone,
I overlooked its plain ;
The sun was setting on the earth,
Setting to rise again.

II.

But where I stood, a sun had set
In darkness and in gloom ;
Had set for aye with every hope,
In winter's chilling tomb.

III.

The last of England's rightful kings
Found here a foreign home,
Condemned by treachery and fraud,
From England's shores to roam.

IV.

Yes ! Avignon, your stately walls,
 And rock-encradled towers,
 Received our royal exile then,
 While kingly pomp was yours.

V.

That exile's race has ceased to be,
 Their name has passed away,
 Or lives but in some by-gone dream,
 Or fond chivalric lay.

VI.

And ye, where kings and pontiffs trode
 In all the pride of state,
 Where thronged the learned and the wise,
 The valiant and the great ;

VII.

Now pass their careless hours away,
 With idle jest and song,
 Heedless of those who went before,
 A rude unmannered throng¹.

¹ The once magnificent palace of the popes is now converted into an infantry barrack.

VIII.

A Bourbon then could tamely see
A Stuart lose his throne ;
And now, behold that Bourbon's heir,
A suppliant for his own !

Geneva.**I.**

FAIR, oh Geneva ! is thy deep blue lake,
O'er which, infrequent white sails gaily dance,
And glorious are the tints its waters take,
From the departing sun's last lingering glance.

II.

Who would not wish to dwell with thee awhile,
With soul unscathed, and heart all fancy-free ;
Joy in the dimples of thy summer smile,
And own thee bluer than the bluest sea ?

III.

Bright are thy banks with freshest foliage green,
That softly sweep to yonder fir-clad hills,
Beyond whose crests are mighty mountains seen,
Hoary with snow, and ever-gushing rills.

IV.

The very air that sweeps along thy waves,
Breathes inspiration from poetic springs ;
The Muses haunt thy sweetly scented caves,
And each old rock with strains harmonic rings.

V.

They, who high raised above the vulgar throng,
Made thee, their dwelling, consecrate to fame ;
Still in undying thoughts, and heavenly song,
Live, and thy echoes iterate each name.

VI.

Yet art thou still foul heresy's fair home ;
Still are thy waters tainted with that stain ;
Still dost thou rival in thine errors, Rome,
And still assert thine all-unhallowed reign.

VII.

Farewell, Geneva, though the glowing sky
May hardly match with thine empyrean hue ;
That sea, o'er which no living bird may fly,
Teems not with sadder memories than you.

A Field above Lausanne.**I.**

AND can it be 'midst scenes so wondrous fair,
So beautiful, so sweetly blending,
Contrasted beauties in a concert rare,
Beginning nowhere, nowhere ending ;

II.

Where hill and dell, and sky and forest glade,
And water blue and mountain hoary,
By day and night, in sunshine and in shade,
Gleam forth in nature's chiefest glory ;

III.

Where water's flow, and far-off tinkling bell,
Soft breeze "that still, small voice" of heaven,
And all the myriad harmonies that swell
Creation's song of praise at even,

IV.

Proclaim that unity here loves to dwell
As in her fairest, richest palace,
Whence she would fain by some resistless spell,
Banish all doubt, and strife, and malice ;—

V.

That man such sights and sounds divine should mar
By faithless discontent and changing ;
Nor fear the music of these chords to jar
By endless, earthly re-arranging ?

VI.

Yet so it is. No unity is here,
Where all is uncontrolled distraction :
Within that fair old town their fronts uprear
The temples of each jarring faction.

VII.

No more, as in the happier days of old,
The Church, albeit not all unerring,
Contains the nations in her unrent fold,
No soul by fears and doubts deterring.

VIII.

So do I raise my prayer to Him, whose power
In harmony these glories blended,
That He would deign in this entroubled hour,
To bid His people's strife be ended.

Lucerne.

The Lion of the 10th of August, 1791.

ALL glory be to those heroic Swiss !
Those, who, when hearts were failing, sternly stood
By their strange sovereign, and gave their blood
In vain for him, who happy was in this,
(If he, who was misfortune's plaything, could
Be happy called,) that thus they nobly proved
How he was honoured by the braved, and loved.
Son of St. Louis ! not less great and good !
These were thy martyr-heralds ; these removed,
With their own lives, all obstacles that barred
Thy way to Heaven. Lo ! this is their reward :
In their own land of mountain, lake, and wood,
Has grateful valour to all time declared—
“ Such is the meed for loyal hearts prepared.”

Florence by Night.

MAGICAL Florence ! midnight's solemn hour
Beholds thee put on loveliness anew.
At morn how fair wert thou ! but every hue
Is fairer now : each dimly-frowning tower,
Each dark old statue, and each still grey wall,
Marshalled in dreamy, fairy-like review,
Unto the gazer's heart more loudly call,
And tell how great was once thy might and power.
In my clear footsteps' echoes is the sound
Of ages. All beneath, above, around,
Is still enchantment ; nought disturbs the spell
That time has traced upon this magic ground,
Save when from yon old tower the deep-toned bell
Of a departed hour rings out the iron knell.

Callambrosa.

I.

DIM is the eye that never sees
 A spirit in the pathless wood ;
 Dull is the ear that in the breeze
 No magic hears, nor in the flood :
 Oh ! let not such ascend the hill,
 Where holiest superstition still
 Retains her ancient sway.
 To me a cross all rudely made
 Beneath the giant pine-tree's shade,
 Most solemn words can say.
 I cannot form my lips to sneer
 At rites or abstinence severe,
 Nor laugh at deeds of saintly men,
 Who, far in some sequestered glen,
 From noise, and sin, and wrath, and strife,
 Passed a hermit's holy life.
 To me the cave in which they slept,
 The rock on which they sternly kept

Their vigils, has a power t' impart
Softened feelings to my heart.
Go, man of pride, philosopher,
Who trust to reason not to err,
Go ! and view with scornful eye,
These monuments of piety ;
But leave me to my musings still,
On Vallambrosa's forest-hill !

II.

Bright green lawns with wild flowers gay,
Songsters warbling on each spray ;
While above the gloomy pines
Rise like guardians of the spot,
And below the burdened vines
Shadow many a humble cot ;
Chapels perched on airy steep,
Sacred caves in legends blest,
Crosses hid in thickets deep,
Relics of some sainted guest,
All proclaim religion dwells
In Vallambrosa's pine-clad dells.

Here blest content, and peace of mind,

Cause each reverend face to smile,

And virtue here delights to find

Israelites that know no guile.

In this most gay and thoughtless land

Behold a meek unworldly band,

With ceaseless prayer and sacrifice,

And incense wreathing to the skies,

Doth intercession make.

And who shall say no blessings spring

To nobles, people, church, and king,

For these poor churchmen's sake ?

Rome.

HARD-HEARTED Rome ! a grievous sin is thine,
 In that thou hast not e'en as yet suppressed
 Thy cruel mandate, under which we pine
 In foreign lands, and offerest no rest
 To souls world-wearied, way-worn, and oppressed.
 In purer days, in one unbroken line,
 The Church's children, like the seamless vest
 Of Him, her Master, bound by ties divine,
 By prayer, and vigil, fast, and sacrament,
 Stood firm, and knew nor heresy nor rent.
 And now, how weary is this heart of mine,
 Because thou wilt not do thy Lord's behest,
 But still on worldly pomp and rule art bent,
 Albeit thine eye is dim, the daylight well nigh spent.

The Monument of the Stuarts in St. Peter's.

“ Regiæ stirpis Stuartiæ postremis.”

MY country, wherefore in this wondrous pile
 Gaze I with saddened brow and tearful eye
 On signs of thee and thy past history,
 Which should in foreign lands my soul beguile
 With glorious thoughts of thee, my mother-isle ?
 Far from thy shores, dishonoured England, lie
 These mournful relics, that too sadly prove
 Thy want of faith, and cold disloyalty.
 Thou hast them not : so gentle spirits rove
 To this cold tomb, o'er which fond Memory flings,
 With all an orphaned widow's hopeless love,
 Her heart with those beneath, her hopes above,
 Bright rays of glory, while Religion sings
 Her requiem o'er our latest rightful kings.

The Same.**I.**

WEEP, angels of my country, weep,
 Ye guard no common shrine ;
 Your vigils o'er the last ye keep
 Of Stuart's royal line.

II.

The spell that bound us to our kings
 Is riven, and men now say,
 That he but idly dreams, who clings
 To what has passed away.

III.

It may be so ; but I will yet
 All dreamingly love on ;
 Love with a lover's fond regret,
 That will not say, " Begone !"

IV.

Weep, angels of my country, weep,
 Within that portal gate
Our monarchs, in their dreamless sleep,
 Their Monarch's coming wait.

The Return to England.

December 10th, 1839.

'Twas on a sacred morn of May, that yet
 Makes England's heart to beat with youthful joy,
 Morn bright with Stuart memories¹, a boy
 I left her shores, and now my foot I set
 On this loved strand with somewhat of regret,
 To feel the fairy chains of boyhood's thrall
 From off my now care-burthened shoulders fall,
 And falling, many a dream of hope destroy.
 Oh! may these lays have striven not all in vain,
 To paint those scenes my heart can ne'er forget;
 And in glad years to come, may they again
 To thee, dear partner of my tour, recall
 The merrie days of sunshine and of rain,
 We passed in Switzerland, gay France, and Spain!

¹ The 29th of May.

L'Envoi.

I.

THE weary traveller, in some mountain land,
 Seeking again the soil that gave him birth,
 When evening shades steal darkly o'er the earth,
 Turns doubtful to those beacon-towers, that stand
 Frowning defiance from their throne of pride,
 And with a trembling heart and shaking hand
 Knocks for admittance. Thus the poet sues
 Favour for lays, mistrustful of their worth,
 And dreads to hear his lowly suit denied
 By thee, oh Reader! who must now decide,
 Whether his truant and inconstant Muse
 Has skilled to bring before thine eyes the hues,
 Wherewith to him the Past's brave things seemed
 dyed,
 While sailing down the Present's heartless tide.

II.

If so—no longer let the minstrel wait
In the chill air of doubt, suspense, and fear,
But bid him to the fire within draw near,
And open wide thy touched heart's portal-gate.
Oh ! if thou kindly deign'st his strains to hear,
And, soothed to gentleness, wilt drop a tear
O'er dreams now flown, and old heroic days,
When lived and died the valiant and the great,
Who scorned deceit, and would not bend to fate ;
Then will perchance some word of courteous praise,
The guerdon sole to minstrel spirits dear,
Fall like sweet music on his grateful ear :
And thus with hearty humbleness he prays
A kind reception for his youthful lays.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

The Feast of St. Philip and St. James, 1841.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Notes to Memorials of other Lands.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

Page 119.

IN the month of September, 1834, Charles V. was proclaimed king of Spain and Lord of Biscay, and swore to maintain the rights and fueros of the Biscayans, under the oak of Guernica. For a most interesting account of the Biscayan constitution, I would refer the reader to Lord Carnarvon's able work on "Portugal, Galicia, and the Basque Provinces;" from which it appears, that on the death of Tello, Lord of Biscay in 1371, Don Juan of Castile, then heir to that kingdom, was acknowledged by the Biscayans as their lawful lord, and on his subsequent accession to the crown of Castile, the union of Castile and Biscay took place. On his death, his son and successor, Henry III., repaired to Guernica in the year 1393, and under its oak swore to observe their fueros. In 1457, King Henry IV., under the sacred tree, took the usual oaths; but fatally for him, he afterwards ventured to infringe their fueros, and the Basques, in spite of his Castilian army and French mediation, transferred their allegiance to his famous sister, the Princess Isabella, who in 1483, in the church of Guernica, under the tree of Guernica, and in every large town of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Alava, swore to maintain their rights; and it has remained for Eng-

land, who boasts of her freedom, to aid, in the 19th century, the unprincipled councillors of the young and helpless namesake of that great princess, in subverting the liberties, and disregarding the rights of the undegenerate descendants of those bold Biscayans, who in 1470 reminded their faithless lord, that "The Basques are the representatives of the Iberian nation. For Spanish freedom they lavished their blood against Carthage, against the Romans, and against the Goths. They restored Spain by expelling the Moors, who had conquered it from the barbarians. The struggles of the Basques against the Caliphs of the West lasted for more than six centuries. The little country of Castile scarcely existed, when our nation, dwelling in the Pyrenean mountains, counted many centuries of glory and enterprise !"

May we not, in 1841, address the Oak of Guernica in the same mournful strain as Mr. Wordsworth did in 1810.

"Oak of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its ærial bower,
How can'st thou flourish at this blighting hour ?"

Vol. iii. p. 229.

THE NIGHT OF THE 19TH OF JULY.

Page 120.

On the 19th of July, 1839, we stood on the heath, that at a few miles' distance overlooks Vittoria and its plain, which was then literally red with the ripe harvest. The town was garrisoned by 3,000 Christinos, and the low mud outpost near which we rested, marked the limits of the ground held by the

Carlists in that direction. We dined on the heath, and having visited the famous old castle of Guevara, returned the same evening to Oñate, in which town Don Carlos had then his head-quarters. On that very night a large body of men sallied out from Vittoria, and burnt the harvest of thirteen villages in the plain. It ought to be borne in mind, that the wretched sufferers could not be ranked as Carlists, for the Carlists did not occupy their territory, and were too weak in numbers (their whole force in Alava did not, I believe, exceed 3,000 men) to do more than defend their own lines ; they suffered from the gratuitous barbarity of those friends of freedom, the allies of our liberal government. Neither was this a solitary instance of wanton cruelty ; it was the system then deliberately pursued by Espartero, Diego Leon, and the other Christino generals, and afforded Maroto an opportunity and an excuse for opening a communication with Lord John Hay, for the purpose, as he averred to his betrayed sovereign, of inducing the British government to withdraw their support from allies so unworthy of it.

THE END.

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